

dana

nowhere. the Great Spirit aligns her universe  
with mine in uncannily coinciding moments.  
my head down, furiously pounding the keys,  
i feel hidden eyes and ears absorbing my exertion, ventilation and  
humble  
interpretation of the strawberry queen,  
our mediatrix. i'm tinkling away the various  
birdcalls that i deem most recognizable.

nowhere. where does she disappear to at the end  
of the week? The lady in the radiator holds

out her hands. as soon as i touch them, she  
vanishes and i'm left alone on the empty, dim-lit  
stage. i twirl the curtain rod, the rock  
bleeds onto the floor.

emerging from my room  
only to view a taunting image of the  
couple across the hall, i sit and stare at the  
radiator, calling occasionally the  
song of the icicle given to me by the strawberry  
queen. a quick pass down the  
hall to peer into the countless crucibles of creativity, trying to  
grasp the whereabouts of this elusive vessel of beauty.

her eyes are looking  
down  
and i'm

afraid

to disturb her.

what a disturbance it would be for me,  
calling endlessly for her in  
a pained voice through  
the piano wires,

to be interrupted by  
the opening door  
and  
the blue-and-white-shirted figure  
standing over me  
with  
piercing  
blue eyes.

*Matthew Gordon*



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